

"PUSSYFOOT" IS MOST FAMOUS OF DRY CHARACTERS

(Continued from Page 1.)

ceived the donation than he gave it to an English hospital for the blind, with a comment like this:

"I've got one eye, they have none, let them have the money."

England To Be Dry.
The great dry champion prophesies, however, that England will be dry by 1935, and substantiates his claim to that exceptional possibility by quoting Premier Lloyd George's statement of his own belief. His characteristic optimism carries him a step further, too, to the extent that he believes world prohibition is not only in sight, but coming this way. He avows that one-third of the nations of Europe are nearer prohibition today than was the United States ten years ago.

In addition to the personality which Pussyfoot has injected into the national and international aspect of his work against the demon rum and its alcoholic associates, reports of Mr. Johnson indicate that his individuality is of a surprising and delightful nature. The little incidents related about his intimate life and conversation are fully as interesting and attractive as the human in men as are the exploits which have endowed him with more or less comical and even vulgar names.

For instance, there is nothing humorous or even vulgar in the appellation by which he is known—which has become a by-word among the drys and a clue-word among the wets. The name came up to Mr. Johnson and his friends years ago when he was in the federal service. The monicker, no indication of anything, was appended to his personality on account of his uncanny ability to pursue his task of suppressing the liquor traffic among the Indians without his presence being altogether noticeable until it was too late, and a consignment of red-eye had lost its hilarious utility.

Let Mr. Johnson tell the story in his own words. His style will give you an insight into his dynamic personality, as well as present an angle on his doings out West in the days before you heard much of him.

How He Won Nickname.
"One day a man walked into my office in Muskogee," he says, "with a message from a Haskell school keeper intimating in a friendly way that if I dared to show my face in Haskell he would shoot me. Of course, I could not refuse such an invitation."

"I sent a scout into Haskell and found that the school keeper had never seen me, but had a good description of me. So one night I disguised myself and rode into Haskell. I tethered my horse to his corral, and walking into the bar called for a drink."

"My fierce friend was a big man, but the thing that interested me most was a 45 at his hip."

"He offered me a bottle, which I at once said was too good to be true. On the bar, 'Give me hell-fire,' I cried. He opened a secret trap in the floor and handed me a 45."

"My one object was to get him to show me his back, and I maneuvered him until I had a good view of his revolver. I held it to his ear and introduced myself. The next day the local paper told the story and called me 'Pussyfoot.' That was how I earned my name."

Not because it is the only thing he ever did, but because it has been the most widely recognized, the return of Mr. Johnson in British territory, so close to the hazy of Scotch and the kick of Irish, is splendidly typical of the man himself. A good idea of the effect his unflinching presence had on the London public may be gleaned from the following dispatch to the New York Globe from Wesley W. Stout, their correspondent in the English capital:

"Pussyfoot is a sure fire jolt in the music hall; he is mentioned in the minutes of corporation meetings; dockers curse him over their noon beer; society more politely damn him over its wines; clubmen grow appoplectic over their whiskey and soda; clerics preach about him and at him; and the English has lost interest in the Kaiser and it is only half-jest to say that 'Pussyfoot' Johnson has taken his place."

Newspapers and publicity have long been intimate connections with his life. For years he has been the New York Voice, a prohibition organ, and he went abroad for several years as representative of the Funk & Wagnall company, in quest of data and articles. His travels have carried him into practically every civilized country on the top side of earth, which probably accounts for some of his expressed intentions.

He says he will invade India, and there will endeavor to evaporate whatever staggering beverages may be found flowing about King's favorite ballad setting. Cuba, too, comes within his prospective area of immediate activity, which brings regret to the souls of tourist agencies and airplane manufacturers.

It seems about the most appropriate thing in the world that one of Pussyfoot's little trips about the globe took him to the Sahara desert. And it is not intended as a slam against his total abstinence to chronicle that he made the trip on doctor's orders. It was there that Johnson annexed quite a bit of inspiration on this dry business. He liked it immensely, as it was positively the driest place he had ever seen and his activities since have indicated that he thought it was practically a model piece of terrain. He put in some prohibition work, even in that super-dried-out land, and returned with the news that a Moslem who becomes intoxicated is socially ostracized—and nicknamed a Christian.

Although Atlanta's present liquid condition won't give Pussyfoot much opportunity for exhibiting his Carrie Nation proclivities—he used to smash the barroom and liquor joints with a sledge hammer—the city will be interested in him. He has jaunted all over the North American continent since his return from abroad, and everywhere he has been they have met him with headlines and big audiences. The city of Twin Falls, Idaho, was so anxious to hear him relate the perspective he was getting on a dry America through his glass optic that it prevailed on him to reserve from his set itinerary and visit them. In order to do it it was necessary to dispatch an airplane to Granger, Wyo., and from there keep Pussyfoot in the air until his Idaho destination was reached. The people of the Idaho city were so eager for the report that they raised \$500 in a few minutes, and paid his airplane fare.

Whatever condemnatory effect this effort may accrue in a half-interlinear way, it means and signifies recognition. Such evidence of universal notice, coupled with the fact that Mrs. David Lloyd George, wife of the British premier, aided Johnson in promotion of the drive for dryness in drunken Scotland, seals the surety of his reputation.

Though he has banished all his energies in an effort to make the world safe from intoxicants, and has battled the bourbon phalanx consistently for years, Pussyfoot doesn't pose a big god, or being endowed with infinite virtues.

He knows and smokes a good cigar when he sees and wants one, and is not the least bit encouraging to those who affirm that the swirling clouds of tobacco smoke are the next delights to be wrung from American intemperance.

Not Against Tobacco.

With reference to that possibility, he has been quoted as saying, "A campaign against tobacco? Why, no. I never heard of anyone smoking, the much and then going home to beat his wife. However, if there was an anti-tobacco amendment, I wouldn't break the law just for the sake of a cigar. I'd get out and go to another country first. If I couldn't find a nation whose law I wanted to obey, I'd go to hell, where they haven't any laws."

Maybe he is narrow-minded, there are just as many to say you may as you, for he has admitted that he likes the taste of liquor. Which is a concession, after all. Another of his many aphorisms is to the effect that when a student at the University of Nebraska he had a detention to the altar in a revival service to sign the pledge. The sight, he said, inspired a spunky spirit and he went to the altar and signed the pledge to sing the old hymn whose words ran:

"See the military hosts advancing, Satan leading on."
Westerville, Ohio, is Pussyfoot's home. His wife was Mrs. Lillian Trevelyan, and the couple have three children. Their daughter, Miss Clara Johnson, is a student in St. Mary's College, in Columbus. The sons, Clifford and Clarence T., were lieutenants of the army during the war. Clarence now being in the government Indian service in California, and Clifford in business in Washington, D. C.

Moving Pictures

Strand.

You don't usually find much comedy in a picture. But, then, it isn't often that you have an invalid who keeps a saxophone secluded under his bed and whistles away odd moments by playing the instrument. That's the kind of a "sick man" Wallace Reid is in "Sick Men" his new picture, which will be on view at the Strand theater this week.

Wallis has the role of a young man who is shamming sickness in order not to appear in court as a witness against a friend in a divorce suit.

Majestic.

One of the outstanding tales of childhood is the ever-beloved story of Cinderella. "Cinderella," Constance Binney's first feature picture, which will be shown at the Majestic starting Thursday, is the story of a modern Cinderella, who comes from the drowsy village of Weinhardt, a Pennsylvania Dutch settlement, and wins her place in the form of the governor of the state. The picture version was adapted from Mrs. Fiske's successful play of the same name and from the book, "Harnabatta," by Helen R. Martin.

Princess.

Corinne Griffith won more favor with Memphis audiences Wednesday when she appeared at the Princess theater in her latest comedy-drama, "Bab's Candidate," a modern day story of a woman who caused her sweetheart to be defeated in an election in order to have him for her husband. Miss Griffith wears a number of handsome gowns in this picture. "A Woman in Gray" is another feature on Thursday's bill. For Friday and Saturday, "Alias Miss Dodd," with Elythe Roberts, will be shown.

Red Cross Given Full Information On Bodies' Return

The Memphis Red Cross has the latest information and rules concerning the return of the bodies of deceased soldiers from Europe, including the battlefields of France.

The government bears all cost of transportation of the body and when burial is made in the United States, in some place other than a national cemetery, funeral expenses will be paid not to exceed \$100. Claims for such expense can be made through the Red Cross office on the Bureau of War Risk Insurance.

Any additional information on the subject can be obtained by applying at the local Red Cross office, 144 Court avenue.

ARREST SUSPECTS.

GARY, Ind., July 22.—Alec Trusewich and Philip Dawiduk are under arrest here today charged with being the perpetrators of a \$5,000 payroll robbery at the plant of the Jones and Laughlin Steel company in Pittsburgh on July 12. Trusewich is said by the police to have confessed.

ST. BRIGID'S CHURCH TO HOLD SPECIAL SERVICES

Special services will be conducted at St. Brigid's church Sunday at 7:30 p.m. and will consist of the solemn consecration of children and adults to the Sacred Heart, reception of all into the league and benediction of the most blessed sacrament.

On this occasion an eminent Jesuit

priest, Rev. Charles D. Harland, of Springfield college, will deliver the sermon. As the Jesuit society is the founder of this special devotion not only spiritual, but also intellectual that is in store for all the Memphis and friends of St. Brigid's parish. A most cordial invitation is extended to all to attend.

Amusements

Orpheum.

Ruth Curtis and her jazz band will be at the Orpheum the last half of the week, beginning with the matinee Thursday. Miss Curtis happens to be among the elite of syncopated songsters and she has selected her band with but one idea, that it be a real jazz orchestra.

Vardon and Perry are a couple of young men, neat in appearance, with restricted song and music. They have an act that pleases men, women and children alike. They do comedy impersonations taken from life set to music and chorography that she is a delightful story of youth called "Cinderella."

The Silverlakes are artists in mid-air. Their routine is hazardous and is performed with swiftness and dispatch. The feature photoplay will be Emmy Wehlen in "Lifting Shadows," a drama with civilization's deadliest menace as the theme.

Loew's Lyceum.

Performing tricks which, hitherto, have been the exclusive property of famous magicians of India is the unique distinction of La Temple & Co., coming to Loew's Lyceum today. Some years ago while in Vancouver an entire shipload of natives of India was held up by immigration officers and

among the dark-skinned passengers were two famous Indian magicians. La Temple visited the ship on two occasions to view the performances of these marvelous acrobats and obtained permission of the chief immigration inspector to visit the ship many times afterward. Because the Indians were not permitted to land in Canada the magicians consented to teach the

tricks to La Temple and two of the most difficult will be introduced at this theater, the jumping card trick and the magic box.

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